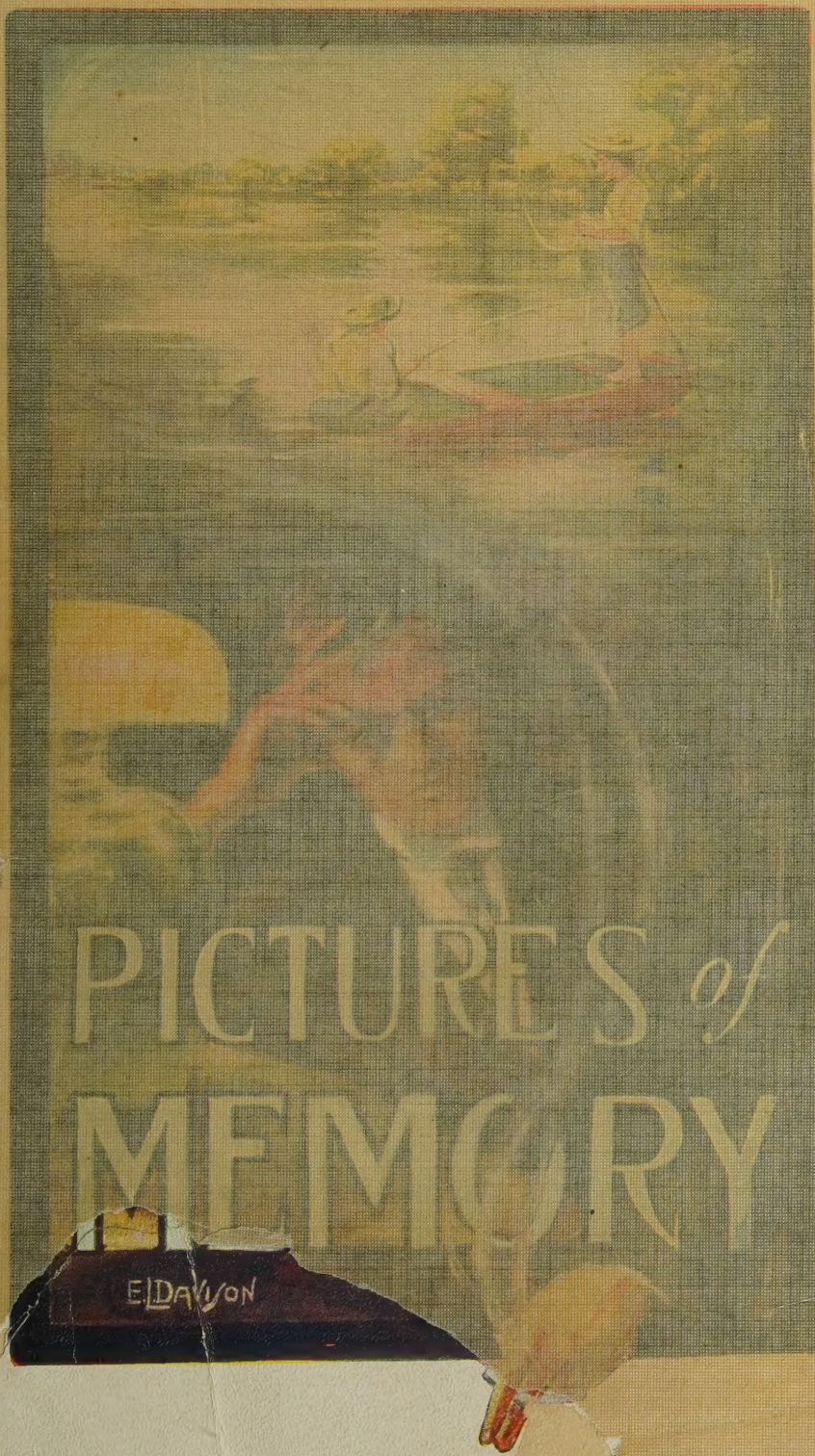
PICTURES of
MEMORY
E.L.DAVISON

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"Birthday Book"
From
your Aunt Ella

Pictures of Memory

Compilation of
SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD

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That viewing it we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

COWPER

IT is my hope that the contents of this little volume may touch the heart of the man or woman whose childhood days are worthy of remembrance—that while reading you may live over again those happy hours which were so full of love and life in their true sense; although to you they may have seemed crowded with disappointment and heart aches. Then, as now, it took "Breakers" to develop a keen appreciation of the Joy that was ours, and prepare for the mixture of Happiness and Sorrow that comes into every life that is made worth living.

May the father and mother in reading, live over again the childhood days of their children. Their hearts will be gladdened and saddened in these reminiscences, but in the end, strengthened.

It is my belief that in reading these sentiments the child of to-day may receive an increased impulse to make the most of these "Perfect Days" that to them will never come again.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
OUT OF EVERYWHERE INTO HERE.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
OUT OF THE SKY AS I CAME THROUGH.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
SOME OF THE STARRY SPIKES LEFT IN.

Where did you get that little tear?
I FOUND IT WAITING WHEN I GOT HERE.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A SOFT HAND STROKED IT AS I WENT BY.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
SOMETHING BETTER THAN ANYONE KNOWS.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
THREE ANGELS GAVE ME AT ONCE A KISS.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
GOD SPOKE AND IT CAME OUT TO HEAR.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
LOVE MADE ITSELF INTO HOOKS AND BANDS.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
FROM THE SAME BOX AS THE CHERUB'S WINGS

How did they all just come to be you?
GOD THOUGHT ABOUT ME, AND SO I GREW.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
GOD THOUGHT OF YOU, AND SO I AM HERE!

—George MacDonald

A CHILD'S LAUGH

Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlight waves, and charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with Childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy.

—Robert J. Ingersoll

MOTHER'S BOY

Where has he gone to, Mother's boy,
Little plaid dresses and curls of joy?
Who is this gentleman, haughty in glance,
Walking around in a new pair of pants?
Where has he vanished, the little Sir Smile
That Mother once folded in gentle beguile?
Who is the stranger that comes in his place
The very same eyes and the very same face,
But, oh, the lost Babyhood! Come back if you can
From the stream that is drifting you onward
to man!

—Folger McKinsey

TO A LITTLE GIRL OF YESTERDAY

Little girl of yesterday,
You have left us, so they say;
All of your childish ways are gone,
Cometh now the sad, sweet dawn
Of Womanhood, and mystery,
Of the life that is to be.

Was it not just yesterday
That you put your dolls away?
Just a little while ago
When you romped and chattered so—
Chattered early, chattered late,
Now you're silent and sedate.
Little sweetheart, yesterday
You departed, so they say;
But, perhaps, it is not true,
Everything they say of you.

For I wish that you might stay
As you were just yesterday,
Dancing down the paths of May
In your willful, witching way—
Then you might not deem it bold
Just to love me as of old.

—Robert V. Carr

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe:
Not for the violets golden
  That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
  That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
  With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
  He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
  The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
  A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
  My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
  Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of Sunset
  Lodged in the tree-tops bright
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
  Asleep by the gates of Light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
  Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Carey

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IN THE BABY'S EYES

What is the dream in the baby's eyes,
As he lies and blinks in a mute surprise?
With little wee hands that aimlessly go
Hither and thither and to and fro;
With little, wee feet that shall lead him—God knows,
But a prayer from my heart like a benison goes;
Bundle of helplessness, yonder he lies—
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

What does he wonder and what does he know?
That we have forgotten so long, long ago?
Bathed in the dawnlight, what does he see
That slow years have hidden from you and me?
Out of the yesterday seeth he yet
The things that in living he soon shall forget,
All that is hidden beyond the blue skies?
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget
What is the thought that is lingering there yet?
Where is the land where the yesterdays meet,
Waiting and waiting the morrows to greet?
You wee, funny fellow, who only will blink,
What do you wonder and what do you think?
Bright as the moonlight asleep in the skies,
What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

—Tom Cordry

THE LITTLE GABLE WINDOW

There's a little gable window in a cottage far away,
Where a child at purple twilight used to softly kneel and pray,
While across the marge of evening fell the darkness, and the stars
Peeped in tender benediction over Heaven's silver bars.

Softly thro' the gathering shadows breathed that little, tender prayer,
For the undimmed faith of Childhood knows a far diviner air.
God was good and so was Mother, sunny moments stretched before,
And the after-dreams were colored by the hues the future wore.

There's a little gable window in a cottage far away,
Where a maiden used to linger at the closing of the day,
Face as fresh and fair as May-time, lips of laughter, eyes of blue,
Dreaming lightly of the future with a heart sincere and true.

All the winds that blew to meet her sang of happy days to be
When the rose of Life should blossom in a land beyond the sea.
Hand in hand with Love eternal all the future way seemed fair;
In that little olden cottage Youth had never met with care.

Ah, the years have brought me sorrow—I am tired and weary now,
There is silver in my tresses, there are lines upon my brow,
And my heart is filled with longing just once more to kneel and pray
By the little gable window of that cottage far away.

—L. M. Montgomery

FATHER'S CHICKEN

My mother thinks that Father ought to always have
the best,
And she has got him so he thinks he's better'n all the
rest.
She gets his evening paper out when he comes home at
night,
And drags around his easy chair and tries to use him
right.
And when we all sit down to eat she never blinks a
lash,
But hands him out some chicken and helps us kids to
hash.

My mother says that home should be in our affections
first,
But Father thinks its just the place for him to act the
worst.
When he's in town he jokes and laughs and uses people
kind,
But when he starts for home at night he leaves his
smiles behind.
He snarls about the dinner, and he calls the victuals
trash,
So Mother feeds him chicken and fills us up on hash.

But after Father's rested and has had his evening smoke,
He always feels lots better and he likes to play and
joke.
He helps us with our lessons, and he does in it a way
That makes them entertaining, and seem just as plain
as day.
And sometimes, when we go to bed, he hands us out
some cash,
So let him have his chicken, we'll get along with hash.

—Chas. F. Hardy

BABY'S PRAYER

When the twilight deep has fallen then my baby comes
to me,
Robed in white, all dressed for Dreamland, and she
bends low at my knee;
And her little hands are folded in a reverential way,
And two little eyes look upward as two little sweet
lips say:
"Now I 'ay me down to s'eep,
I p'ay the Lord my soul to teep."
And I know the Father listens, and it pleases Him, up
there,
When my baby, dressed for Dreamland, kneels to say
her evening prayer.

There's a silence in the shadows where the firelight
softly plays,
And a dreamy calm comes o'er me when my baby
kneels and prays;
All my doubting fancies leave me, and the trials of
earth flee,
As I bow my head and listen to my baby's plaintive
plea:
"If I s'ood die before I wate,
I p'ay the Lord my soul to tate."
And a holy hush steals o'er me and pervades the even-
ing air,
When my baby, dressed for Dreamland, kneels to say
her evening prayer.

And I often sit and ponder, as I hear the sweet lips
pray,
What would life on earth be to me should I miss that
voice some day?
If perchance I felt no nestling, dimpled hand within
my own,
As my baby knelt beside me, lisping in an undertone:
"Now I 'ay me down to s'eep,
I p'ay the Lord my soul to teep."
And I bless the God who gave her, and her love with
Him I share,
When my baby, dressed for Dreamland, kneels to say
her evening prayer.

—E. A. Brininstool

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THE CONSOLATION

My dear Wife:

The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of our little daughter missed his way. But, I heard of it through another.

I pray you to let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our afflictions with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter.

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her? But since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all riotous indulgence in our pleasures, so let us also check the excessive flow of our grief. It is well, both in action and word, to shrink from an over display in mourning, as well as to be modest and unassuming on festival occasions.

Let us also call to mind the years before our little daughter was born. We are now in the same condition as then, except that the time she was with us is to be counted as an added blessing. Let us not ungratefully accuse Fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that was desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though we have it no longer.

Remember also how much good you still possess. Because one page of your book was blotted, do not forget all the other leaves whose reading is fair and whose pictures are beautiful. We should not be like misers, who never enjoy what they have, but only bewail what they lose.

And, since she has gone where she feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And she, like a bird not long enough in her cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to purer air. For when the young die their souls go at once to a better and a divine state. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm.

—PLUTARCH

JOY

I never knew the joy of getting home,
I never knew how fast a heart could beat
I never tasted joy,
Till the day my little boy
Came running up to meet me on the street.
I never knew the pleasure of a smile,
I never knew the music of a voice
Till I heard my baby greet me,
On this day he ran to meet me
In a way that made my weary heart rejoice.

I never knew a welcome half so true,
Till I heard his "Hello, Daddy!" down the street;
And though weary as could be,
When he scampered up to me,
There was comfort in the patter of his feet.
I never knew the charm of laughing eyes,
I never knew how happy I could be;
I never knew the cheer
That makes worry disappear,
Till the day my baby first ran up to me.

—Edgar A. Guest in The Detroit Free Press

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE

No baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen;
No finger-marks are on the panes
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse"—
No merry frolics after tea,—
No baby in the house!

—Clara G. Dolliver

MAMMA'S P'ECIOUS DIRL

Dess you wonders who I am,
  Wiv my pitty s'oes
An' my 'ittle hat tied on
  So it tannot lose,
An' my jess 'at Mamma made—
  See my ying: it's pearl!
Dot a lot of fings, because
  I'm Mamma's p'ecious dirl.

Doughin' down to Sadie's house—
  Mamma said I tould;
Said I must tome home at six
  An' be awsel dood,
Sadie's dot some rabbits an'
  A white mouse and a 'quir'l—
Won't none of 'em bite me, 'tause
  I'm Mamma's p'ecious dirl.

Dot a woolly sheep at home
  What tan holler "Bah!"
When you 'queeze 'im, an' a doll
  What tan say, "Mam-ma!"
Dot anuzzer wiv blue eyes
  An' a dolden turl,
An' a whole big lots of toys—
  For Mamma's p'ecious dirl.

'Fore I doughs to sleep at night
  Wiv Mamma up 'tairs,
She kneels down right by the bed
  An' helps me say my p'ayers,
Askin' Dod to b'ess me, well
  As all at's in the worl'—
But den I dess He would, because
  I'm Mamma's p'ecious dirl.

—Chicago Record-Herald

OUR CHILD

Little life from out the life divine,
Little heart so near and dear to mine,
Little bark new-launched upon Life's sea
Floating o'er the tide to mine and me,
Little comer on our shore of Time,
Little ray from out God's great sublime,
Little traveler from Eternity,
May my love protect and shelter thee.

In the passage through our human state
Many dark and dreary days await;
Many are the burdens must be borne;
Many are the times our hearts are torn.
These are in the pathway, little one,
Ere thy journey through our world is done.
From the stings of all adversity
May my love protect and shelter thee.

For enwrapped invisibly thou art
In a tendril reaching from my heart;
And around thy tiny form entwine
Love-chords from thy mother's heart and mine.
From some land of Morning hast thou come,
Like a gleam of sunshine in our home;
And, my child, what e'er thy lot may be,
May our love protect and shelter thee.

—The Denver News

THE CRADLE

How steadfastly she'd worked at it;
  How lovingly had drest,
With all her would-be mother's wit,
  That little rosy nest.

How lovingly she'd hang on it;
  It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
  A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
  Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest—
  Her coffin was his bed.

—Austin Dobson

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

"Virginia O'Hanlon.

"115 West Ninety-First Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

From The Sun of September 21, 1897.

JES' PAST CHRISTMAS

Jes' past Christmas, an' by cracky, I
Feel so blame natural, seems like I could fly:
Been so prim and proper for a long time past,
Seemed to me, by jinks, 'twas allus goin' to last!

Had to go to Sunday-school, reg'lar, once a week;
'Spected me on other days to be quietlike and meek;
Got so tired of sayin' yes'm, polite an' with a smirk
Stid of talkin' back to folks—say, 'twas worse'n work.

Couldn't sass my mother; had to mind my dad;
Didn't dast to lick a kid, an' oh, but it was bad!
Reckoned that I'd get some skates, a fur cap an' a sled,
An' figgered on a tippet with flaring ends of red.

I didn't get a dod darned thing I wanted, not a toy,
An' the Sunday-school's reward to me was a motto 'bout a boy
Who always was so very good the whole year round by gee:
That I knowed the printed card they sent was never meant for me.

I ate so much on Christmas though, the doctor had to take
Heoric measures with me; I had such a belly-ache;
I thought I'd die, but then I knew about jes' where I stood
An' was sure of bliss Above, for I had been so good.

But now I'm feelin' better, an' life's again a joy,
An' with Christmas safely over, I'm once again—jes' boy!

—Edwin J. Park

THE LITTLE MAID'S "AMEN"

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair.

When close in a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke;
When, at the first word, the small damsel,
With one little gasp, straight awoke.

"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered, with a voice like a bell:
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'ou to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I—she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And Papa can't see tos he's cryin',
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small.

"I'se been here before with my mamma—
We tumed when you ringed the big bell
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin',
For lots of sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back health to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.

I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly and gently "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward—
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;

And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast.

With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again;
Yet I knew in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—Authorship Unknown

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS

I am tired of tongues that are lying
In their cunning schemes for gain—
I am tired of worry and sighing
That ravish the soul and brain—
And I long for the peace of the wildwood
Near the dear old home that I miss,
And the happy trust of childhood,
And Mother's good-night kiss.

I am tired of faces smiling
In deceit to hide the frown—
And life's false joys beguiling
The soul but to drag it down;
And I long once more to listen
To the sound of a step I miss—
That I knew when the tears would glisten
At my mother's good-night kiss.

I am tired of all the idols
That claim a right to my heart—
I am tired of Falsehood's bridles
That are worn by all in the mart.
And it's over the words that were spoken
In truth and love that I miss—
When each night I received their token
In my mother's good-night kiss.

I am tired of living and learning
That the false exceeds the true—
I am tired with years of yearning
For a love like my childhood knew
When Life seemed not deceiving,
And I dreamed it held but bliss—
When I slept in peace believing
In Mother's good-night kiss.

—W. D. Humphrey

MY PA WON'T PLAY WITH ME

My paw he's the bestest man, he brings me lots of toys,
And candy, too, and all sich things, what's good for little boys;
He lets me go to circusses and spend my money free,
He buys me lots of Sunday clothes; but he won't play with me.

Most every evening after tea, I gets my ball to play,
And asks my paw to catch it, but he's allus sure to say:
"Don't bother, Son—I'm busy now; go on to bed," says he,
Then I go off a wishin' that my paw would play with me.

Sometimes when I kneel down at night, just sorter so, to pray,
Old Nick slides in betwixt the lines, and almost makes me say:
"O, Lord, send me a paw what ain't got so much biz' so's he
Can find a little weency, teency time to play with me!"

I spects that great big mens don't want to have some fun no way·
And maybe 'twouldn't look just right to see them run and play;
But I jis' can't help thinkin' sir, what great sport 'twould be
If Paw'd been born a little boy, so he could play with me.

Some day when I feel sorter tough, with sand up in my craw,
And ain't a-skeered of gettin' licked, I'll bet I tells my paw:
"Say, Dad, if you jis' want to be right up to date you see,
You'd better come down off your perch and learn to play with me!"

I ain't much on philsophy, but I got it on my slate,
Jis' chalked it down in black and white, and feel compelled to state:
"Of course, I loves my paw, and then he loves me, too, but we
Could love each other better if he'd only play with me."

—W. Halleck Mansfield

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer
Taught by Mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say:
Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

—Eugene Henry Pullen

A GREETING

I'm glad she's come, this bit of grace
To make our love grow on apace,
The first to seal our marriage vow
A tender link—ah, even now
She cast a ray from Mother's face!

I long for license to embrace
This bunch of flannels and of lace,
To tell her how, in heart, just how
I'm glad she's come.

The joy I feel none can efface,
And yet I live in piteous case;
I only stand and humbly bow,
My usual post they'll not allow;
But though I yield to her my place,
I'm glad she's come!

—Thomas Emmet Dewey

I LOVE TO HEAR YOU WHISTLE

Oh, I love to hear you whistle
When you're coming home at night,
Though the way be dark and dismal,
Or the stars are shining bright.
Ah, 'tis true you do not know it,
But it thrills me with delight,
If I hear you gaily whistle
When you're coming home at night.

In this world of sin and sorrow,
There are haunts to lure the gay,
And I would not have you venture
Where you would not dare to pray.
Then I listen in the silence
For your footsteps quick and light,
And ere long I hear you whistle,
When you're coming home at night.

If I'm waiting in the darkness—
For a mother waits, you know—
And the dismal wind is sighing,
And the clock is ticking slow,
All the singing of the angels
Could not give me such delight
As the music of your whistle,
When you're coming home at night.

For I know your mind is merry,
And I know your heart is gay,
And I'm sure you've not been walking
In the paths that lead astray.
If your heart had lost its music,
And your soul had lost its sight,
You would never come a-whistling
When you're coming home at night.

—Irene McMillan Glanville

(Lyrics of the West.)

THE INTRUDER

He is so little to be so bold!
Why, he came to the house (so I've been told)
And his very first call
Sufficed to install
The waif on our premises, once for all.
Somehow or other the rogue got in
And claims to be of our kith and kin!

He is so little to be so loved!
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved,
Naked and shameless,
Beggared and blameless,
And for all he could tell us, even nameless!
Yet every one in the house bows down
As if the mendicant wore a crown!

He is so little to be so loud!
O, I own that I should be wondrous proud
If I had a tongue,
All swiveled and swung,
With a double-back-action, twin-screw lung
Which brought me victual and keep and care,
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so sweet!
You can see that he wouldn't count much as me, at
Seven pounds or eight
Isn't very much weight
To be sold on the hoof, yet I dare state
Some extravagant buyer might be found
To offer as much as a dime the pound!

He is so little to be so large!
Why, a train of cars or a whale-back barge
Couldn't carry the freight
Of the monstrous weight
Of all his qualities, good and great.
And though one view is as good as another,
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother!

—Edmund Vance Cooke

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"BABY, GO TO BED"

Almost any man can say it,
Can say, "Baby, go to bed;"
But how many can enforce it
When a little tousle-head
Perks his head up sort of sideways
In the way we daddies know
And says, half a smile, half tearful—
"Papa, me don't 'ants to doe."

And pleads: "Me ain't s'eepy, Papa,
Me don't 'ants to doe to bed."
And you see the curls a-tumble
On the little baby head;
And you look up at his mother
In a deprecating way,
And you hide behind your paper
And you let the baby play.

Yes, most any dad can say it,
Can say, "Baby, go to bed,"
But how many can enforce it
When a little tousle-head
Says: "I'm busy now a-p'ayin,"
Whispers soft, "Don't Papa know?"
Saying, "I'ms ain't s'eepy, Papa,"
Pleading, "I'm don't 'ants to doe."

—Judd Mortimer Lewis

THE OLD, OLD SONG

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen—
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down—
Creep home, and take your place there
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

—Charles Kingsley

EXTRACTS FROM FARMINGTON

AN IDYL OF BOYHOOD

By Clarence S. Darrow

CHILDHOOD is the happiest time of life, because the past is so wholly forgotten, the present so fleeting, and the future so endlessly long.

The difference between the child and the man lies chiefly in the unlimited confidence and buoyancy of youth. The past failure is wholly forgotten in the new idea. As we grow older, more and more do we remember how our plans fell short; more and more do we realize that no hope reaches full fruition and no dream is ever quite fulfilled. Age and life make us doubtful about new schemes, until at last we no longer even try.

It is rarely indeed that the child is able to prevent the sorrows of the man or woman; and when he can prevent them, and really knows he can, no man or woman ever looks in vain to him for sympathy and help.

The joys of childhood are keen, and the sorrows of childhood are deep. Years alone bring the knowledge that in thought and in feeling, as in the heavens above, sunshine and clouds follow each other in quick succession. In childhood the shadows are wholly forgotten in the brilliant redness of the sun, and the clouds are so deep as to obscure for a time all the heavens above.

All my life I have been planning and hoping and thinking and dreaming and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring; waiting for the night and waiting for the morning; waiting and dawdling and dreaming, until the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand.

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WINDING UP TIME

A wee, brown maid on the doorstep sat,
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat.
A broken clock on her baby knee
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.
"What are you doing, my pretty one?
Playing with Time?" I asked in fun.
Large and wise were the soft, dark eyes,
Lifted to mine in a grave surprise:
"I'se windin' him up, to make him go,
For he's so dreffful pokey and slow."
Winding up Time? Ah, baby mine,
How crawl these lengthened moments of thine,
How sadly slow goes the staid old man,
But he has not changed, since the world began,
He does not change, but in after years,
When he mingles our cup of joy with tears;
And duties are many, and pleasures fleet,
And the way grows rough 'neath our tired feet,
When the day is too short for its crowd of cares,
And night surprises us unawares,
We do not wish to hurry his feet,
But find his going all too fleet.
Ah, baby mine, some future day,
You will throw that rusted key away
And to Phoebus' car will madly cling,
As it whirs along, like a winged thing,
And wonder how, years and years ago,
You could ever have thought that Time was slow.

—Hannah B. Gage

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER

Say, what's the use o' bein' a kid,
An' Mamma's Treasure, an' sich as that,
When all the cookies an' things is hid,
An' her a sayin' they're hid from the cat?
I set on the porch every day an' try
To think from the way that this house is run
If I oughtn't to skip an' leave 'em shy
Of a kid the size o' their precious son!
Wouldn't it cork 'em?

They abuse me jes' every way they can,
An' all a pertendin' to love me, too,
An' call me their pretty little man—
But men wouldn't stand it the way I do.
I'd jes' like to know what they borned me fur,
Or didn't born me a girl, so they
Could tell my mamma I look like her,
An' then I'd get cookies every day.
Jes' my luck!

They put me in twousers t'other day,
But I am disgusted with the kind!
Ain't built fur a little man, fur they
Haint no hip pockets in 'em behind.
The legs ain't cweased an' they bag way out
An' I heard a gentleman tell my mother
I look like a hop-toad, jes' about
As wide one way as I'm long the other.
Wouldn't that gag you?

My mamma calls me her Little Dear,
Her Baby Treasure, her Only Hope,
An' says that the angels brought me here
When I wasn't bigger 'n a pound of soap.
But say, if the angels had me, though,
Up there in the sky, as she says they did,
D'ye reckon they'd ever let me go?
'N part with sich a bootiful kid?
Not on your tintype!

Well, sich is life in the Woolly West,
As Papa says when things go wrong,
'N, I reckon I've got to do the best
I kin, an' keep a joggin' along.
Don't do no good, not a little bit,
To set on the step an' worry so!
Will worryin' find them cookies? Nit!
But it's mighty tough on a kid! Heigh oh!
It makes me tired!

—James Barton Adams

FAREWELL TO MY BOY

By Mary Worrall Hudson

Each brief moment, each smallest measure of
The long span of time, is, to some mother's boy,
The foot of the Hill of Years. Thy starting
Time is now, my boy! Thy first steps were trodden
On my heart—fond pillow that would ever-
More support thee—but thou hast lived well-nigh
Thy first score years in this safe home, although
It seems as many months to her who sees
Thee go, and now has come a time when even
Heart-strings must not keep thee. Then, let thy
Mother speed thee! The way looks easy, not because
'Tis smooth and free from barricades, for 'tis
Beset with heights and depths thy kindling eye
Foreseest well, but because thy youthful feet
Tread buoyant air, the unseen wings of Hope
Upbear thee, and dragging Doubt has never
Met thee. To scale the heights and leap the depths
Were pleasant tasks to my brave boy. Look to
The topmost notch! Hold to thyself, and lend
A hand to him behind, while Mother speeds thee!
Count each year of the great hill thou climbest
As a well-earned book. Be true to the
Monitor that ever whispers, "Do unto
Others as thou would'st that all the world should
Do to thee." No long-drawn creed can make it
Plainer, no modern eloquence can add
Nor spare a single word: "As thou would'st
That others do to thee, so do to them,"
Amen. May Heaven send thee love to cheer
Thee on thy way—true, steadfast love of woman.
And if thou'rt ever tempted to be false
To her whose heart beats but for thee, stop and
Rest thyself on a repenting stone; the
Wayside's lined with them, thou wilt not need to
Search but for the hardest; then sit thee down
And bow thy head upon thy hands and listen
To the call of Her who bore thee. Thou art
A man; the heart that trusts itself to thee
Is at thy mercy; none else can make for
It a heaven or hell on earth. Ever
Tender to all weaker things, thou could'st not
Now prove traitor to a woman—strongest
Though weakest, of God's creatures. Her heart will
Be like mine, thy mother's—such fate would break it.
"Fear not!" I hear thee say. Now thy mother

Trusts thee! Then speed thee on, and bless thee!
Honor the dauntless soul that, with me, calls
Thee Son, and whose brave spirit, shining forth
In thee, has been my chiefest joy and is
Thy best inheritance. Scale all the heights!
Sing all the songs! Achievement is its own
Reward. But if, dear boy, the blackest depths
Engulf thee, come home to us—our hearts would
Yearn for thee if all the world turned back.

JUNE, 1889.

ON THE BIRTH OF A BABE

Yesterday morning there was a strange and unusual commotion in Heaven. A little angel, with big black eyes, and the softest of white wings, asked St. Peter to let him out of the pearly gates. The good saint hesitated—he was loth to lose so sweet a creature, but when the little angel told him he would come back some time, the gate was opened a trifle, and the treasure crept out. Of course he came right down to earth, and, peering anxiously around, he found no pleasanter, easier home than that of Mrs. Skiff. It was very early in the morning and so he slipped quietly in through the door, and, snuggling up close to the lady, said: "I am a little angel, and you must be very good to me. I will stay with you always, and when you are old and weak you will be very glad the little angel came to you." Mrs. Skiff bade the stranger angel welcome, and just then good Dr. French, happening to pass the house heard sweet music that he knew could come only from Heaven. So he went in and saw the little angel on the couch. In a moment his keen lancet was out, and he had clipped off the wings of the little angel, and they had flown back to Heaven alone. "This is too precious a treasure to lose," said the doctor. "We must keep him with us always," and so the little angel stays, a joy to the home he has found on earth, and a pride to those whom he will, God willing, call Father and Mother. Let us hope the angels in Heaven may not so miss their absent cherub that they will say, "Come back." But when the summons comes, let it come from the lips of the father and mother on the confines of the Beautiful, away over there in the Beyond.

—EUGENE FIELD

SECOND BOYHOOD

He had a willow whistle and a fish hook that had been
Made with a youngster's witchery by the bending of a pin;
He'd cut a slender sapling for a pole and made a line
From little scraps of hempen cord and little snips of twine;
His feet were bare, head tousled—but his smile was good to see,
And when I looked at him it brought my boyhood back to me!

He put his willow whistle to his lips and blew a blast
That echoed down the valleys where the blooms were tangled fast;
Another youngster joined him, with another tousled head,
And on the conquering hero his recruited comrade led.
They wandered off in glory and I watched them as in dream,
And I went with them down yonder to the little fishing-stream.

That day I saw them feeling, where the water ran so cool,
Its ripples lave their bare feet as they dangled in the pool,
And I could see them shedding shirt and overalls with vim
As they turned aside from fishing for an old-time boyhood swim.
Ah, never felt the water half so good or half so fine
As in that hour of fancy with those boyhood friends of mine!

I saw them leave the ripples when the afternoon drew near,
And the summer sunshine sizzled the oppressive atmosphere.
They struck across the meadows for a neighboring melon field
To test the juicy fragrance of the huge and fruitful yield;
I saw them try the peaches, and amid the orchard's hush
Taste the golden, mellow apples that we called the maiden's blush!

I saw them come at evening with a string of "yellow
neds,"
Their tousled topnots showing through the straw hats
on their heads,
Brown as twin autumn berries and as happy as the
birds
With songs to tell the gladness that they could not tell
in words—
And how I longed to go with them unto the garret room
To heal life's sweetest tiredness with the sleep that
dreams of bloom!

A youngster with a whistle whittled out of willow
wood—
How little could he know of all he brought me of good,
How little could he fathom that beside the little stream
I sat in silent shadow dreaming all his boyhood dream!
How little could he understand that in his careless glee
The gates of Youth had swung again that golden day
for me!

—Folger McKinsey

THE DREAM GARDEN

Dear old garden of long ago—
Part of my childhood's memories,—
Hollyhocks nod in your farthest row
Under the linden trees.

Box-bordered pathways with mignonette
Crowding right over the edges,—
Methinks I can whiff the fragrance yet
Of your lavender and sedges.

But dearest of all in that garden old
Was the spicy clove-pink cluster,
Bursting its sweetness—too much to hold—
Over the pale leaves lustre.

Sunshine, and shade from the linden trees,
A book to read, and a dream to dream;—
Youth in the heart and youth in the breeze—
And a precious old romance the theme.

We have all loitered there;—you and I,
The trees, the book, the dream and the sky!

—Bessie Bellman

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY

What am I offered for Baby?
  Dainty, dimpled and sweet
From the curls above his forehead
  To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of his wee pink fingers
  To the light of his clear blue eyes.
What am I offered for Baby?
  Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
  "A shop full of sweets?" Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
  Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
  One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
  Of East, or West, or South.

What am I offered for Baby?
  "A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
  To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the mountains
  Far in the Wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
  Of these dear little peach-blow hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
  "A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
  Than the stars in the milky way,
Would they ever be half so precious
  As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
  They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
  "A heart full of love and a kiss?"
Well if anything ever could tempt me
  'Twould be such an offer as this.
But how can I know if your loving
  Is tender and true and divine
Enough to repay what I am giving
  In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
  Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
  Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
  What glory the World put on
If our beautiful darling was going,
  If our beautiful darling was gone.

—Mary T. Holley

SOME DAY

Some day we're going to wander—you and I,
Back, back to pleasant paths we used to know,
And welcome once again with tear-dimmed eyes,
The old days of the happy Long Ago.
And oh, the joy with which the heart will glow,
As we clasp hands with friends so long unseen,
And meet again the ones we cherish so,
Whose faces flash from Recollection's screen.
We'll see them smile, as in the old, old way,
Some day, dear heart, some day.

Some day we're going back for one brief view,
To where the old familiar homestead stands,
And there the joys of youth we will renew,
Caressed and loved again by gentle hands.
Yes, in those dear and ne'er forgotten lands
We'll wander, with a glad and joyous heart,
And bind anew the lost or broken strands
Of Memory, which Time has torn apart.
O'er blossomed fields of youth again we'll stray,
Some day, dear heart, some day.

Some day we'll know the mother-love again
Which we have missed, mayhap, for dreary years;
We'll smooth the wrinkled brow and cheek, and then
All tenderly, we'll wipe away the tears.
Then once again, bereft of doubts and fears,
We'll lay our head on Mother's gentle breast,
And hear the songs of childhood in our ears,
As in the days she rocked us to our rest.
And at her knee our childhood prayer we'll pray,
Some day, dear heart, some day.

—E. A. Brininstool

MOTHER'S BOY

Make rowdy music, little one!
Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my own,
That I have watched you long.
Romp in your merry ways apart,
And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night-time to my heart,
A tired little child.

—Cora A. Watson

THEY TWO

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two—once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days,
The children went one by one
Away from home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And Mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire
While some one would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd,
And now they are two that gather there
At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world!
Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
Where the table is set for two.

—A. E. K.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to the trundle-bed
He dreampt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and left them there.

—Eugene Field

From "A Little Book of Western Verse;"
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MAY I NOT WEEP WITH YOU

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used
To kiss—such arms—such hands—I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something
Between the tears, that would be comforting,
But oh! so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have not any child to die.

—James Whitcomb Riley

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THE BROKEN NOSE

We've got a baby. Since it came
There's not a single thing the same.
I act just like I did before,
But no one loves me any more.
I guess I'd better run away.
I might as well, for if I stay
Who'll know or care? Perhaps a year
Will pass before they even hear.
I'll take the things I like the best,
My Sunday tie, my velvet vest,
The spotted eggs and bluebird's nest,
The autumn leaves that Mother pressed,
The rabbit skin that Father dressed,
All these I'll take and go out West.
I ought to start, but oh, the sky
Is dark to-day and very high!
Still, after all, I guess I'll wait
For Father by the garden gate.
He'll maybe rough my hair and say:
"Well, well, my boy! How goes the day?
You're big enough to make it pay."
O dear! I wish he'd come, though he
May never notice me—
And yet I guess I'll wait and see.

—Louise Ayres Garnett

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MOTHERHOOD

My neighbor's boy across the way
Lies dead; and I must go to her and say
Something of comfort—ah, what shall it be?
"Grieve not, poor heart, that he is gone from thee:
Thy bitter tears—thy cruel, lonely pain—
Perchance are for some larger, nobler gain—"
I cannot—no! for safe upon my breast
My own dear bairnie smiles in rosy rest.
Ah—what if I were she, bereft, denied—
And he—dear God!—the little boy that died!

—Laura Simmons

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BOY O' DREAMS

Must I leave you in the mountains,
Boy o' Dreams?
Must I leave you where the fountains
Toss the silver of their streams—
Where the trees are clothed in samite
And the little broken moon
Is a symbol and an answer
Like the reading of a rune?

May I take you to the city,
Boy o' Dreams?—
Where your heart will break with pity
At the lethargy that seems
Only half alive to living,
Only enemy to mirth,
Where the dusty facts will blind you
To the fancies of the earth?

I must take you, but I'll keep you,
Boy o' Dreams,
Where no alien winds shall sweep you,
In a secret place that gleams
With the light of your own laughter—
Yours the vessel, yours the chart—
And we'll brave the storms together,
You—the captain of my heart!

—Helen Whitney in Collier's

GOD KNEW

God knew how much I hungered
For roses of the south
A-wash with Morning's dewy breath—
He gave me Baby's mouth.

God knew I dreamed of meadows
Where children of the skies
Reflect their blueness in their bloom—
He gave me Baby's eyes.

God knew I missed the warmness
Of nestling and its charms
To melt my waiting bosom's ice—
He gave me Baby's arms.

God knew my life was empty
And fruitless naught to prove,
Was blindly groping for its own—
He gave me Baby's love.

—Maude DeVerse Newton

THE DEAD PUSSY CAT

You's as stiff an' as cold as a stone,
Little cat!
Dey's done frowed out and left you alone
Little cat!
I'se astrokin' you' fur,
But you don't never purr
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat
W'y is dat!
Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks
Or wif big nasty sticks
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'n you died
Little cat?
Oh! w'y didn't you wun off and hide,
Little cat.
I is wet in my eyes
Cos I 'most always cwies-
When a pussy cat dies,
Little cat,
Fink of dat!
An' I'se awfully solly beside.

Dest lay still dere down in de sof' gwown,
Little cat.
While I tucks de gween gwass all awound,
Little cat.
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an' so sore—
Des' sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
An' forget all de kicks of de town.

—Jack Bennett

Charleston, S. C.

THE BABY'S SHOES

Lay them away, stained by a mother's tears;
Precious keepsakes through the coming years.
The baby's shoes, the tips now slightly worn,
Their springheels frayed by running o'er the floor—
Lay them away, with heartstrings wrenched and torn,
For baby's feet will wear them never more.
But through the gloom of all the coming years
The baby's shoes will ope the fount of tears.

Lay them away, and sacred memory
Will cluster 'round them till his face we see—
Until in robes of angel's purest white,
With harp swept by his little fingers blest
His smile will banish all the gloom of night
And call us to the Father's endless rest.
Those little shoes! Through all the coming years
They'll speak of him, and fill our eyes with tears.

Lay them away! No more will baby's feet
Run to the gate with patt'ring music sweet.
Upon the shores of brighter, endless day
He stands. He smiles and waves his hand;
And after we have quit life's weary way
We'll greet our baby in that better land.
And so we'll keep these shoes through all the years,
And they shall banish all our doubts and fears.

—Will M. Maupin

GRANDMA PAYS THE BILL

Before the busy merchant
Stood pretty little Bess,
"I want some cloff for dolly,
Enough to make a dress."

"What color? Little lady!"
The pleasant dealer said.
"Why, don't you know?" she answered,
"I want it awful red."

He smiled and cut the fabric
For the delighted miss.
"What does it cost?" she questioned.
He answered, "Just one kiss."

And then the clerks who heard her
Went roaring up and down:
"My dran'ma said she'd pay you
Next time she tome up town."

—Harry Edward Mills

EXTRACT FROM "ARTHUR BONNICASTLE"

By Dr. J. G. Holland

I stand in a darkened room, before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first born. My arm is around the wife and mother, who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have had their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We lay the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow, as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever open toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher! He was like me: will his grandfather know him? I can never cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful to me has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me; how, by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self sacrifice, self control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity.

Ah! This taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in Heaven, for of such is the Heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women, who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas! How many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breast so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep bound eyes

which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unmoving alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them and they have made us one and made us better.

There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of Tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe, miss the blessed influence.

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HER LITTLE BOY

"Always a little boy to her,"
No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,
She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked,
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy to her.

"Always a little boy to her,"
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face—to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair.
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy to her,"
And to him she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the mist of years—
Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her,"
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair with its gray is as sunny as May—
He is always "her little boy."

—UNIDENTIFIED

LITTLE BREECHES

I don't go much on religion,
  I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
  On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
  And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
  Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
  And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the country
  Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
  Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
  Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
  As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
  And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
  I heerd one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
  Went team, Little Breeches and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
  I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
  And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
  Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
  No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
  Of my fellow-critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
  Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this time the torches was played out,
  And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
  That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
  Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
  So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
  As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
  And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels!
  He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
  To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
  And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
  Than loafing around the Throne.

—JOHN HAY

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"IF I WAS PAW"

If I was Paw and Paw was me,
Gee! what a great thing that 'ud be!
I wouldn't whip him just 'cause he
  Went sneakin' off sometimes to fish
And if he'd druther play than go
To school I'd say "All right," and oh,
But wouldn't he have good times though,
  With everything for which he'd wish!

I'd let him stay up late at night,
And then I'd go ahead and light
The gas for him, because he might
  Bump into chairs or things, you see;
I'll bet he'd be that glad all day,
With not a thing to do but play,
He'd haft to yell, he'd feel so gay,
  If I was Paw and Paw was me.

If I was in his place I'll bet
That everything he'd want he'd get,
I guess he'd think that he had met
The kindest paw he ever saw—
But still I'm glad that I can't be
My paw and that he isn't me,
Because if I was him, you see,
Then Maw, she wouldn't be my maw

—S. E. KISER

WINTON AND VIRGINIA

Soft dim shadows fall around me
Ere the evening turns to night,
And sweet pictures of their childhood
I can see with Memory's sight.

I can hear their voices calling—
Calling gaily in their glee,
"Ginia, tum here a minty—
Oo mus' tum and pay wis me."

Then the other answering blue-eyes—
Sparkling eyes of darker hue,
Answers back, with maiden coyness
"If 'o tum heah I'll p'ay wif 'oo."

Back and forth with sweet persistence
Each to each the other calls,
All the time the distance less'ning
As they approach with soft footfalls.

Soon their curls of blond and golden
Mingle close in baby way,
As they plan with deepest interest
All the mysteries of their play.

Sometimes little clouds appearing
Hide their sunshine of its light,
And these little toddlers' sorrows
Are to them of mountain height.

Now I see the little maiden
Lonely, wandering by my door,
And she, turning, asks me gently,
Asks this question o'er and o'er:

"Did de angels tum for Winton,
Tan I do to him tome day?
If Dod tates me up to Heben
An I tee him dere, I'll 'tay!"

—Georgia McCoy

TIRED MOTHERS

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curly head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your lap again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little one I used to kiss is dead.

—Mary Louise Riley Smith

WHO CAN TELL WHAT A BABY THINKS

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

—J. G. Holland

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard

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THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt, and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Ev'ry room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order—
Every book is in its place—
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

—Albert Bigelow Paine

BOYS

Boys'll soon be playin' hookey,
You kin find 'em, bless their souls,
Out along the twisty bayou
In th' finest swimmin' holes,
Doin' all the stunts that we did
When we used to run away
From our schools away back yonder—
Or was it just yesterday?

It don't seem like 'way back yonder,
It seems more like just last week
When we'd start out, faces shinin'
And our hair combed just as sleek
As could be, for the old school house
Till we turned the corner, then
It would be a helter-skelter
For the swimmin' hole again.

It's like breakin' colts to harness
Bringin' of a boy up right;
You must see the lines don't chafe him,
That his bridle ain't too tight,
That the first ways that you drive him
Are the ways he'd like to go;
Gentlin' him an' talking to him,
Goin' carefully an' slow.

When you've got your colt well broken,
Trained him so he'll gee an' haw,
So he'll come when you shall call him,
So he'll brace himself an' draw
For each pound that there is in him,
So he knows his home an' stall,
Spite of all the care you give him,
He'll be just a horse, that's all.

But a boy—there ain't no tellin'
What he won't be, guided right;
So when your boy plays at hookey,
Runs away or has a fight,
Then's the time to get close to him,
Not turn from him with a frown
Like the universe was crumpled
By his acts, and tumblin' down.

So when he comes home some evenin'
With his shirt on wrongside out,
An' his collar soft an' wilted,
An' his hair all tossed about,

Don't bear down too hard upon him,
Like he'd done some fearful crime,
He's just been anticipatin'
Of the glad vacation time.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis

MY LOSS

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by;
Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,
They hover around beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.

Blond hair and brown in soft confusion blending,
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,
To add new beauty to the 'wildering maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years, straying
Among the days of yore, that seem so bright,—

I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,
And glorifies a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it, fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweetness,
That mine grow smiling spite of grief and pain,
With curved lips, the seal of love's completeness;
Ah, Heaven! could I but press them once again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low;
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.

—Susan V. Newhall in Boston Transcript

TWO LITTLE BOOTS

Two little boots all rough and wo',
Two little boots!
Laws, I's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!
Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyeah hole an' sayin' "Boo!'
Eveh time dey looks at you—
Dese little boots!

Membah de time he put 'em on,
Dese little boots;
Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,
Dese little boots;
Den he tromped de livelong day
Laffin' in his happy way,
Eveht'ing he had to say,
"My little boots!"

Kickin' de san' de whole day long,
Dem little boots;
Good de cobblah made 'em strong,
Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose,
Dese little boots!

Ust to make de ol' cat cry,
Dese little boots;
Den you walked it mighty high,
Proud little boots!
Ahms akimbo, stan'in' wide,
Eyes a-sayin' "Dis is pride!"
Den de manny-baby stride!
You little boots!

Somehow, you don' seem so gay
Po' little boots,
Sence yo' ownah went erway,
Po' little boots!
Yo' bright tops don' look so red
Dese brass tips is dull an' dead;
"Goo'-by," what de baby said;
Deah little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,
You little boots?
Dis is all his mammy's lef',
Two little boots.
Sence huh baby gone an' died,
Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar

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BEST

Mother, I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast.
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine.
He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms
And sore opprest:
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harm
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow,
Naught can arrest.
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest, may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest.
Mine entered on eternal years,
Oh, how much the best.

But grief is selfish; I cannot see
Always why I should stricken be,
More than the rest:
But I know that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best.

—Helen Hunt Jackson

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MOTHER-BORN

Since Fate hath given thee no child
To lie within thine arm,
That by its presence undefiled
Should keep the soul from harm,
If thou wert truly mother-born
Thou would'st have played the part
And found some little one forlorn
To fold within thy heart.

—Wm. Briggs

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH

"I wish I was a boy," said our May,
The tears in her great eyes of blue,
"I'm only a wee little lassie,
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,
He's home from a great college, too:
He said so, just now, in the parlor,
'There's nothing a woman can do.' "

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all Mother's care.

"Is there nothing you can do, my darling?
What was it that Pa said last night?
'My own little sunbeam has been here,
I know, for the room is so bright.'

"And there is a secret, my dearie,
Perhaps you may learn it some day—
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folks happy,
Can be done by a lassie like you!"

—The Water Lily

THE DISTURBER

Did anyone ever tell you
To "stop makin' such a noise,"
When you wuz a-playin' Injun,
An' war-whoopin' with the boys?
Did anyone ever tell you
To "wipe your feet on the mat?"
Or, "If you come in, be quiet,
But first lake off your hat?"
Didn't any one ever tell you
Your manners wuz loud and bold?
Then I guess you're one of the grown-ups,
And not a boy nine years old.

—Exchange

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED

Look at his pretty face for just one minute!
  His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it,
  Then, tell me, mothers, was it not hard to lose
    And miss him from my side,—
    My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
  His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
  And lives a long, long life in parents' sight—
    Mine was so short a pride:
    And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
  I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
  Listening to stories, whether grave or gay
    Told at the bright fireside—
    So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
  As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving
  I keep one for him, though he is so far.
    Can a mere grave divide
    Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies
  (Nothing but childish daisies all year round)
Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
  And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
    And I feel him at my side—
    My little boy that died.

—Austin Dobson

THE OLD CIDER MILL

I always have said and I say it yet,
That if I could be young again for fifteen minutes
I'd make a bee line to the old mill hidden by tangled vines
Where the apples were piled in heaps around,
Red, yellow and streaked, all over the ground,
And the old, sleepy horse went round and round
And turned the wheel as the apples were ground.

Straight for that old mill I'd start,
With light bare feet and a lighter heart,
And a smiling face and an old straw hat,
And home-made breeches and all of that.
And when I got there I'd just take a peep
To see if old Cider Mill John was asleep.
And then if he was I'd go hunting around
Until a good, big, long rye straw I'd found,
And I'd straddle a barrel and quick begin
To fill with juice clean up to my chin.

As old as I am, I can shut my eyes
And see the yelow jackets and flies
A-swarming around the juicy cheese
And bung-holes, drinking as much as they please
I can see the rich, sweet cider flow
From under the press, to the tub below,
And steaming up into my old nose,
Comes a smell a cider mill only knows.

You can tell all about your fine old crow,
Champagne, sherry, and so and so,
Or anything else from the press or still,
But just give me the juice of that 'ere old mill
And a small boy's suction power
For a quarter of an hour,
And the happiest boy you ever saw
Would be at the end of that 'ere rye straw,
As long as the power of suction stood
And the cider tasted good,
And I'd forego for evermore
All liquor known on this earthly shore.

—James Arthur Lodge

BEDTIME

Last year my bedtime was at eight
And every single night
I used to wish the clock would wait,
Or else stay out of sight.
It always seemed to me
The next half hour'd be
The nicest time of all the day
If Mother would agree.
But she always shook her head,
And she sort of jumped and said:
"Why, it's late—after eight—
And it's time you were in bed!"
And now my bedtime is ha'-past,
But yet that old clock does
The same mean tricks—it's just as fast,
Or faster than it was.
Last night it seemed to me
The next half-hour'd be
The nicest time of all the day
If Mother would agree.
But she smiled and shook her head,
And she kissed me while she said:
"Why, it's late—ha'-past eight—
And it's time you went to bed!"

—Burges Johnson

TO A HURT CHILD

What, are you hurt, Sweet? So am I;
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here! So wide
Upon your cheek!
Oh happy pnin that needs no pride,
And may dare speak.

Lay here your pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst,
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet. Run back now to your play—
Forget your woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day,—
But no one knows.

—Grace Denio Litchfield

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the West
  Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—TENNYSON

"THE MAN LAND"

Little boy, little boy, would you go so soon,
To the land where the grown man lives?
Would you barter your toys and your fairy things
For the things that the grown man gives?
Would you leave the haven whose doors are set
With the jewels of Love's alloy
For the land of emptiness and regret?
Would you go, little boy, little boy?

It's a land far off, little boy, little boy,
And the way it is dark and steep;
And once you have passed through its doors, little boy
You mayn't even come back to sleep.
There is no tucking in, no good-night kiss,
No mornings of childhood joy,
It's passion and pain you give or this,
Think well, little boy, little boy!

Little boy, little boy can't you see the ghosts
That live in the land off there;
The "broken hearts," "fair hopes," all dead;
"Lost faith" and "grim despair?"
There's a train for that land in the after years,
When old Time rushes in to destroy,
The wall that stands 'tween the joy and the tears—
So don't go, little boy, little boy!

—Maynard Waite

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TO A BABY'S PICTURE

I pushed through the crowded aisle
Of a down-town picture shop,
Looking and thinking the while,
Not knowing just where I should stop.

Led by an uncertain fancy,
Some treasure attractive to claim,
When, by a chance and a glance a
Baby peeped out from a frame.

In an unuttered eloquence speaking,
By a sweetness compelling and mild,
I knew that the thing I was seeking
Was this face of an innocent child.

Did truth on earth ever hide,
Hath innocence anywhere smiled,
Did purity anywhere bide,
They're found in the eyes of a child.

—Harry Alexander Moore

"A LIFE LESSON"

There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue
And your play-house, too.
Are things of the long ago;
But childish trouble will soon pass by,
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the wild glad ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by;
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your heart, I know
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh
There, little girl, don't cry.

—James Whitcomb Riley

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HAPPIER THAN A KING

When I hustle home at evening,
And the light shines from the door
An' I see my little baby
Rollin' happy on the floor,
An' see Sister helpin' Mother,
I'm as tickled as kin be;
An' there ain't no king a-livin'
That has got the best o' me.

When my little bit o' baby,
Yellow hair an' crimson boots,
Hears the gate latch after daddy
She drops everything and scoots;
Her wee legs are fat and wobbly,
An' she can't walk—not at all—
But when she hears dad a-comin'
You kin bet that she kin crawl.

Then we all talk all together,
An' the baby laughs an' crows,
An' Sister's in my pockets,
For chewin'-gum she knows
Is a-hidin' somewhere for her,
An' she gives a shriek o' glee,
An' her ma laughs. No king nowhere
Ain't got none the best o' me.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis

A LITTLE KNOCK

A little hand came knocking on my door:
"Let me tum in! I won't be bad no more:"
A little voice in tearful murmur plead—
Somehow I wish that I had long been dead
Ere from her knocking I could turn away,
Ere to her pleading I could answer nay,
Or yet refuse to ope and let her in,
Who had so little done of guile or sin.

Strong as we are to live and do the right,
We are weak men in anger, we who fight
The daily battle, bravely and serene,
Until at home cross-currents intervene;
A word or action wearies us, and lo,
Unto our bolted privacy we go,
Forgetting love, forgetting to be mild
To patient wife and little pleading child!

O little hand, that knocked so long for me!
O little voice, with teardrops in your plea!
Out of my silent chamber I would fly
If I could hear once more your plaintive cry,
If I could reach across the vanished years
And lift up and wipe away the tears
And through these passionate memories in eclipse
Lay my forgiveness on your little lips!

No bolt or bar upon my door to-night!
Here at the window in the evenlight
I lean my ears to summon once again
The sound of memory in its sweet refrain,
And as the zephyr sweeps the apple bloom;
I lean, O dear one, to thy little tomb!
I call to thee across the mists to come—
Why art thou silent and the echoes dumb?

You would be welcome, Darling, if you came
In soft night of summer, or the flame
Of dewey morning on the green-girt hill,
With your immortal lips to kiss and thrill!
O door that closed upon you that fair day,
It should be opened, little one, to stay,
For grief has taught me through the contrite years
The cost of anger when we pay with tears!

—Folger McKinsey

THE LAST WORDS OF MOTHER

The last words of Mother when I left the farm—
A bright, happy boy, never dreaming of harm—
She wept, and she left her sweet kiss on my face
While looking to God in the parting, for grace,
And then as I galloped away she called, "Roy,"
I turned in my saddle—"God bless you, my boy!"

The years quickly vanished, I wandered afar,
Grew reckless and weary, it seemed every star
Was blotted from Heaven, so dark was my night,
So cruel my fate, when, at last, shone a light
In the heart that sin's curse had long sought to destroy—
The last words of Mother, "God bless you, my boy."

The waves rolled between us, I ne'er saw her more,
And yet as I'd done in the sweet days of yore,
I sat in the twilight and sang Mother's songs,
And wept bitter tears o'er the past and its wrongs.
When others have cursed me these words gave me joy—
The last words of Mother, "God bless you, my boy!"

Methinks in the light of that beautiful home,
When toiling is over, no longer to roam,
The words that recalled me from sin and its charm
When I went a-roaming and left the old farm,
When Mother shall greet me, perchance, then in joy
She'll murmur these loved words, "God bless you, my boy!"

—Irene McMillan Glanville

(Lyrics of the West.)

STILL A BOY

"Still a boy" we heard one say
To another, half in jest.
Then fun-wrinkles joined in play
With a laugh of merry zest;
And the jolly frame of him
Shook with bursts of sheerest joy
As he answered back with vim,
"Well, I'm glad I'm still a boy!"

Still a boy—aye, true enough—
Glad, yet gentle; pure and kind;
Moulded sure of manly stuff—
Kind of boy it's hard to find.
Kind of boy it's good to see—
Man-boy, wholesome, simple, true,
Kind of boy you'd like to be
If the choice were left to you.

Still a boy—how many now
Have forgot the solemn eye—
Have forgot the wrinkled brow
Is the boy's that once came by?
Call him back—it is his due;
Let him come with youth and joy
Back into the heart of you,
Laughing, and still a boy.

Still a boy—ah, well-a-day,
Boys are scarce enough at best;
With the rippling roundelay
Let the boy still be your guest.
Let him cleave unto your heart
In boy-confidence and hold—
Still a boy—the man apart,
Long, long after he is old.

—Frank Bates Flanner

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